



# the mythic circle

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## *The Man of An Uncertain Address*

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## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL “HALFLING” MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.htm>



## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

### Abstract

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde were my neighbours at rate time. We used to chat across the fence, discuss the weather due the next day, sometimes our dual problems.

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; The Man of An Uncertain Address; Lala Heine-Koehn

What the new program bodes for *The Mythic Circle* is that the subscription price for Mythopoeic Society members is dropping (!!!can you believe it?!!!) down to \$13.00 for three issues and the non-member price is rising to \$18.00. Individual non-members may join the Society by sending \$5.00 to The Mythopoeic Society and with membership they will receive voting rights and the opportunity to buy other Society items at members' prices, but libraries and institutions must pay the full non-member price.

*The Mythic Circle* has a higher percentage of non-member subscribers than either *Mythlore* or *Mythprint* so in a way this change hits us harder. But, to look at it from a different angle, it also means *The Mythic Circle* has a greater opportunity to bring new members in to the Society, folks who might enjoy subscribing to other Society publications or attending the annual conference\* or becoming more active participants in this Society which has believed in and sup-

ported the concept of a writers' roundtable in print for so many years. To that end, an order form has been enclosed with this issue of *The Mythic Circle* in the hope that more of you will join this non-profit organization and become more involved with The Mythopoeic Society.

-- Lynn Maudlin

\*Speaking of the annual conference, our next Mythcon is a special celebration of the centenary of J.R.R. Tolkien's birth, combined with the (British) Tolkien Society's annual Oxonmoot - the result? *The J.R.R. Tolkien Centenary Conference*. There are still some spaces available and prices rise after the end of this year, so if you're interested in a week-long conference in Oxford, England, August 17-24, 1992, write for more details to me (Lynn Maudlin) in my capacity as North American Booking Officer: P.O. Box 394; Altadena, CA 91001.

## THE MAN OF AN UNCERTAIN ADDRESS

by lala heine-koehn

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde were my neighbours at one time. We used to chat across the fence, discuss the weather due the next day, sometimes our dual problems. Since I moved away to a hedged neighbourhood, we see each other less frequently.

Involved in myths since I was little, I followed the call this year again, am still here, nine thousand miles away, thirty five days later. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, who have been always thoughtful and kind, sent me a crate with broken pieces of crockery, excavated on Hydra, which, they claimed, in the small note they attached, should prove useful to me for I am now in its vicinity.

Busy with one particular myth, I follow it for several kilometers each day, but at times, the myth flies away to remote areas which, if it wasn't for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde's thoughtful gift, would reduce me to sitting idly on the balcony of the place I live now. (The place belongs to a man of an uncertain address but who in spite of it, insists, I share his bed and kitchen table whether he is here or not.)

On such days, I collect the broken pieces of crockery from shelves, kitchen cupboards, the bathroom windowsill, which is dangerously narrow, but I am running out of space. I take them to the balcony, to make them fit. Never good at jigsaw puzzles, I often get mixed up, pick up the odd shard belonging to the man. One jug though is almost whole, missing a small piece from its bottom and a spout only. I am waiting for the man to return from whatever address he is at present, to ask him, has he not, by oversight, packed away the missing pieces before he left. For I want to finish that one jug at least, to drink from it to the health of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, my two former neighbours who were always to me so thoughtful and kind.